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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

. . . the poppies grow
Beneath the crosses, row on row

November *1955*

It Pays to Shop at

EATON'S OF CANADA

THROUGH THE MAIL ORDER CATALOGUES

A. H. CAMPBELL

Warden

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is desired to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution.

No articles of a scurrilious or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

Concerning this issue . . .

Aother member of *Echoes'* writing staff left us last month for greener pastures (we trust). Sid Smith wrote many articles while here, and though we may not have agreed with him regarding some of the views he expressed, he nevertheless had a good many published that showed clear thinking and a solid foundation. One of this mags' original's, may his future as a citizen be for a longer term. Best of luck, Smitty!

To make everybody happy, there's an extra page 11 in this issue. Check for yourself if you don't believe us. Page 11, normally found beside page 10, is right there in its' proper place; however, just flip a couple more pages and you'll notice it again on page 21...er, 'scuse it, where 21 should be. So there, you've got a bargain with this issue! What's that? Where's page 21? Funny you should mention it but the truth of the matter is that the dumb, stupid, blind, feeble guy who passes his time berating others forgot to change the numerals in the chase with this result. No 21 at all but two 11's. Wonder if they've turned the steam on in the hole yet? He deserves it. Gadfrey, two 11's, no 21!

The one-page article on page 15 is the first contribution to this pub by the author. Many of you readers may agree that, while the subject is a good one to write about, the article itself should have been edited a bit. Right you are of course but, by printing it in its' original form, the author himself may notice the minor changes necessary and benefit thereby. One thing, you have to admit he's got a point to ponder in his initial effort. Nice going, fellow.

We are indebted to our subscriber-friend in Winnipeg for adding another subscriber to our mailing list. His thoughtfulness in passing along his own copy of the *Echoes'* to his friend and adding one more regular to our circulation means that we must try even harder in our attempts to show the other side of life to an awakening public. His gesture strengthens our belief that through the medium of the Penal Press, many of the misunderstandings and problems that exist between the "outside" and the "inside" will vanish as the facts become known. Thank you, kind friend.

The Red Cross are a'comin'

and so is Christmas:

What a present we can give some unfortunate!

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November

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Editorial page

ONE WAY TO REPAY

On Armistice Day, while people bow their heads in remembrance of the glorious War Dead—who gave their lives that others could be free—inmates in every prison will remember also—with the added advantage of knowing exactly how precious freedom is.

For without freedom, there is no life. Existence, yes, but an existence devoid of all the beauties of life that nature offers daily to the free.

May we (who someday will be released from our present confinement) use this day to remind us of the great sacrifice that was made for us and try harder to reciprocate in kind to the fallen by staying just that—Free.

OUR COURTROOMS

Recently, the Winnipeg "Tribune" and the "Free Press" ran a few paragraphs on their editorial pages concerning a couple of law-violators and their punishment. Both newspapers carried almost identical observations, and the text of their stories was in regards to the punishment meted out by a magistrate to the two offenders:

Two men, one a professional boxer, the other hardly more than a juvenile, both charged with identical offences, assault. The paid boxer was fined; the young man was sentenced to thirty days in jail. One was smiling as he left the courtroom....

In reporting the cases to their readers, both newspapers admitted they were perplexed at the disparity in sentences; the press were quite puzzled at such goings on and questioned the reasoning being used by the court.

It is this disparity of sentencing that is responsible for more than half of the bitterness and hate that is to be found in every jail or prison. This is not hard to understand either when one considers that there are those who openly flaunt the law with impunity while others are arrested, courted and quartered for years in a prison—for offences a lot less flagrant than the "Big Shots."

It is to be hoped that the "Trib" and "Press" delve further into the intricate manner of our courtrooms. Possibly some reporter could interview some of the officials themselves and acquire the right answers on a subject that has a great many of the public guessing about.

By doing this, the newspapers would be doing their whole country as well as their own community a public service. Let's find out for once and all if justice is for everyone—or only the certain few.

ps ps ps ps ps ps

POSTSCRIPT

By 6766

Last month there appeared on these pages an article on the trials and tribulations of men leaving prison; at the risk of becoming repetitious, I would like to voice a further opinion on this subject; particularly as the writer of that article was a man well on in years—and I believe that men released from prison who are in that category have a much greater problem than a younger person who usually has a home to return to.

A popular saying for people getting along in years is "Life begins at forty." I suppose the reason for arriving at forty years as a period when life is supposed to be enjoyed to its fullest is because for most people, it's a time when they can slack off from their battle for supremacy in the Neon jungle of Cities. They've either made their pile by then and begin to enjoy the fruits of being forty, or if they havn't, decide that they've earned the fling regardless.

The rural patriarch passes the "back forty" on to his son, and heads the Buick for whatever his conception of well-earned rest may be.

Rich or poor they begin to enjoy a respite foreign to the humdrum existences of living solely for the accumulation of the "buck."

It must be an interesting time, because you can venture from conventional paths when beginning the new life at forty, just as surely as the toddler of four or five feeling his way to unknown and exciting territory.

The men released from prison to begin a new life go through a slightly different routine however; for them there is this difference. Instead of living off the bank account, they start from scratch. Instead of taking the odd day or week off from work to enjoy being forty, they have to find a job, any job. Instead of pearls for their wives and girl-friends they give them an oyster and a rabbit's foot; and for a romantic trip to Venice they don't much care because they hear the joint's flooded anyway.

Let's take this thing in round numbers. Forty years old with perhaps forty bucks in the kick; forty hours out of the bastille and forty employers turning forty thumbs down on an ex-con, could well lead to a situation forty hours later of visits to forty various pubs, a head as big as forty barrels, and with a net balance of forty cents, a notice from the magistrate to leave town within forty hours.

This is not meant to be humorous, rather it could quite reasonably become a sad reality. Skid-row is thickly populated with characters whose qualifications are exactly as described.

Practically every one of us have let people down perhaps time and time again, but usually only because after that eventful round, the snubs have kicked what little pride and self-respect that remains after shaking off any "bit", in the teeth but good and we have had to resort to an alias and deceit to survive.

Leaving a penitentiary is an experience that cannot be described. It's felt, and it's a feeling I wouldn't recommend to anyone because emotionally it's more searing than the hottest iron, and the scars heal slowly, if ever.

It's right in these next few hours (in this writers opinion) that a man becomes a good risk or becomes a potential recidivist. No matter how tough or case-hardened the years have made him, that last glance back at the pen gate and walls leave no picture of fancy to the imagination, and the one desire is never to return.

The task ahead is really tremendous. A man can no more adjust himself in a few days or weeks, to a life that has become alien after years of isolation, than the soldier who returns from years of service abroad.

In 1945-46, when our armies were returning, the public was cautioned to make allowances for peculiar behavior. Soldiers were interviewed by army psychiatrists and slowly instructed back to the civilized world that they were returning to. They were helped to realize that a complete adjustment from a life of war and men could not be made overnight, and above all, not alone. They were taught that easy does it, and that help was always forthcoming. Indulgence and help were the keywords in the rehabilitation of the soldier, with the result that after many a shaky start, years of war and years of unnatural living were overcome and men once more entered the sane pattern of civilization.

The man leaving the penitentiary walls behind has problems much greater, and with the added drawback that people are not waiting to give him a heroes' welcome. His return is much the same as his departure, dealing with law-enforcement rather than understanding and indulgence. This may not necessarily be an actual fact but, uppermost in his mind is the life just left and the pitfalls in the new life ahead.

For this reason then, we believe that in the days following release from prison, that it is not only important, but essential, that there is someone an ex-convict can turn to for the same sort of help in re-establishing himself as was provided by his government after his stint in the services. Someone completely apart from the administration of justice however, as these people, although they no doubt would be quite capable, could not show the personal interest as repetition of work would soon develop into each person becoming a case history rather than an individual to be helped to a useful existence.

Perhaps some system could be invoked whereby those who are sincerely interested in prison welfare and rehabilitation could provide the council and understanding for a man

so utterly alone at this time. I don't mean by this that if the going gets tough all one would have to do is run to our ally and expect a hand-out. That would be fatal. Rather we could turn to them for further guidance and encouragement, thus bolstering the desire to carry on in the face of the handicap of being unwanted.

This 'unwanted' in a great many cases is purely imaginary, and would require only an assurance from someone that everyone is not an enemy. Many men do not contact family and friends when leaving prison because of the uncertainty of their welcome, thus leaving their family or friends in the position of having to accept the thought that the man has lost all interest in home and former friends, and is past redemption. A sympathetic councilor would soon put this to rights.

The public too have perhaps every right to be wary of dealing with an ex-con but, these excerpts taken from "The Harvester" illustrate an excellent philosophy that could be applied towards a person making an honest effort to make good.

"Let not your heart be guided by the rumors that you hear...But give the victim every chance to prove he is sincere. Let not your heart be poisoned by the darts some people throw. Investigate and try to find the facts you ought to know. It is so easy to condemn and play a dirty game. Be careful in your judgement of the rumors you receive, and take your time before you choose the things that you believe."

It's so easy to make yourself believe that stories about a person having been in trouble all his life—and that this show of trying to make a go of it is just a pretence, the ultimate object being to beat someone eventually—are true.

It's so hard to find the good points in the face of a criminal history, and to take a 'wait and see' attitude plus the odd show of trust and faith.

It's so much easier to help the dirt along when your own family skeleton may be a shade decayed, or lurking just in the offing for that matter.

It matters not either that other people are injured by scandal, prestige, etc., when a man goes to prison, and that a successful comeback for an ex-con is just as great a victory for those that care.

Finally, let's wait until the man "takes a fall" before you hear that he's doing this or that and could possibly have done that other. With a little encouragement and guidance from a friendly and impartial councilor, a measure of tolerance and trust from the public, there will be at least no excuse for the use of aliases, lies, etc., and there should be a marked decline in the number of men returning to prison.

● ● ●

A Reminder»»

The Red Cross Blood-Mobile will be here soon

Let's all give, that others may live!

On the *Educational* side

INMATES—

Help rid the world of ignorance and intolerance; you have it in your power to learn by taking advantage of these educational courses

By
J. D. Weir
Teacher-Librarian

A few days ago I had the pleasure of discussing once again some of the aspects of extra-mural courses with Mr. Art Berry, the man at the Department of Veterans Affairs who is in charge of the administration and supervision of this important educational project, insofar as inmate students here are concerned.

Art has been responsible for this work ever since I entered the penitentiary service over seven years ago, and this fall marks the eighth consecutive year that we have enrolled students through Mr. Berry for correspondence studies. During this period he has always maintained a keen personal interest in the individual students of this institution. He knows them as individual cases and not merely as name and number.

Art is also keenly aware of the amount of initiative and perseverance that is necessary for one to educate oneself by the extra-mural method. Because of this awareness he is always willing to do anything in his power to keep the difficulties in administration down to a minimum and to keep liaison between teacher and student as close as possible.

I also know that Mr. Berry is fully conscious of the important place that education must occupy in any successful rehabilitation programme.

It is one thing to have what appears to be a comprehensive and adequate adult educational programme on paper, and quite another matter to put such a plan into successful practical operation.

Measured by this yard-stick of achievement, I feel that D.V.A. have been successful here in this institution, since well over four hundred courses have been successfully completed during the past seven years. That these results have been achieved is due in large measure to Mr. Berry's efforts on our behalf.

Congratulations!

Two fellows were successful in finishing their Department of Veterans Affairs courses during the month:

S. Keesick successfully completed the course in Introductory Mathematics, while A. Zannin received his certificate after obtaining the required standing in Elementary Arithmetic.

During the past month twenty inmates enrolled in correspondence courses of one kind or another. Their choice in studies varied from a complete Grade X to courses in a wide range of individual subjects. Such interest augurs well for a successful year.

★ ★ Knowledge and Wisdom ★ ★

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere material with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to it's place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheepwalks populuos with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose, ere her time,
Peeps through the moss that cloths the hawthorne root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,
Not shy as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

William Cowper.

From the notebook of the "NEW DAWN" group

By Jack L.

The "New Dawn" Group has taken on the "New Look." Since the observance of our Fifth Anniversary on July 10th., which was so well covered by Steve S. in the August issue of the *Mountain Echoes*, we have had an average attendance of 35 members per meeting, and it is increasing steadily. The get-togethers are held weekly on Wednesday, during the noon hour, and on the last Sunday of each month from 1.30 to 3.30. p.m. The noon hour assemblies appear to be popular even though a few small sacrifices must be made to attend. However, as it is for a man's own benefit, these are very easily overlooked. At the Wednesday meeting, someone is usually chosen by the chairman or volunteers to prepare a paper and at other times the reading of the explanations of the individual 12 Step's from the "Red Book" is done by various members, after which the group hold open discussions. We are also privileged to have 'outside' visitors address these Wednesday gatherings from time to time but as a rule, the Sunday meetings are the most popular with outside visitors—due of course to the pressure of business during the week.

I will attempt to give you the principle activities of the group since our anniversary. On July 21st, we were privileged to have as a visitor an old friend and benefactor of the group, Brigadier McInnes of the Salvation Army. Frank S. occupied the chair and gave his version of step 4. At the next meeting, Steve B. gave a very interesting talk on his past drinking experiences dealing expressly with that period of his life in which he was in the army. The following meeting was addressed by Herman S., and his speech dealt with step 6. At the August 10th assembly, Frank O. took the chair and gave a very enlightening talk on rehabilitation facilities at the inmates disposal within the prison. A lively exchange of opinions followed Frank's address. On August 17th, we were again privileged to have the Brigadier present, but this time in the capacity of guest speaker. He gave his views of A.A. from the Christian angle, and dealt specifically with faith. At his invitation a discussion relating to his talk was participated in by the whole group, and many views were expressed both pro and con.

At the Sunday assembly on Aug. 28th, we were again fortunate to have outside visitors in the persons of our old friend, Chris T., who was accompanied by Martin T., also

from Minnadosa. Rev. Stuart, (who was replacing Rev. McNeill as Prison Chaplain and sponsor of our group during Rev. McNeill's absence on holidays) was the first speaker and his address, dealing with fear in relation to alcoholism, was both enjoyable and informative. He then introduced Chris T. who, as always, gave a most illuminating and deep thought-provoking speech dealing mainly with the need of help from a Power greater than ourselves. When he had finished, he answered many questions asked by various members present, which more than proved the interest taken in his talk.

On Wednesday August 31st, due to the expiration of his three month term of office, our able chairman, Bill B., called for nominations for a new chairman. Herman S. was elected for the next term by acclamation. After wishing the President-Elect the best of luck in his coming term, Bill B. related a very interesting case history of an alcoholic he had once sponsored while a member of a Winnipeg group.

At our September 7th. meeting, upon the request of the chairman, Rev. McNeill gave an informative and most detailed description of his bus trip to Oregon on his holidays. I am sure there were a number of the group who took that trip with him in fantasy (as he talked) so complete was his description. The following meeting was addressed by the chairman, Herman S., who used step 7 as his theme—always a controversial Step. After a lively discussion which followed, it was the general opinion that there were no true Atheist's present.

Our meeting of September 21st was graced by the invitation to all members by the "Alouette" group, to partake in a lunch to be served following the celebration of their Anniversary on Sunday September 25th. The invitation was extended on their behalf by Mr. Belanger, who was replacing Rev. McNeill as sponsor during his brief absence. Leo D. then addressed the group using step 8 as his topic. This step is always sure to bring forth many differences of opinion, and in the discussion that followed we certainly were not disappointed.

In closing, I would like to take this opportunity in wishing two of our group who have recently been discharged, namely Frank O. and John Z., the very best of luck and success on behalf of Reverend McNeill and all the members of the "New Dawn" group. We sincerely hope they will continue to follow the A.A. way of life.

● ● ●

Hi Neighbour !

See you at the Red Cross clinic

Humbly Dedicated to those
who placed King and Country
above all else

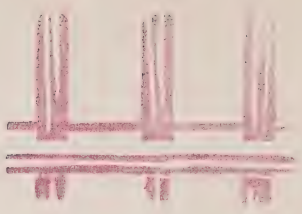
To the question: What useful purpose is served by letting the inmates of penitentiaries or prisons publish their own papers and magazines? the following is our answer.

Written by Percy A. Lainson, Warden of Iowa State Penitentiary, it appeared in the "Presidio," the official inmate publication of the pen. It would be hard to find a man better qualified to write on the subject or hold the position he does.—**ED.**

I believe every warden, prison administrator and penologist in the country are becoming more aware of the Penal Press and its ability to uncover those problems and factors which have hidden too long behind an iron curtain of ignorance, political expediency, public distrust and outright suppression. For so long as our prisons were regarded as isolated fortresses which housed human "Untouchables," to be cut off from the world of free people, their daily lives channeled into aimless objectives, then we could truly say that modern penology still lived in the shadow of the dark ages. Fortunately, some men did not regard prisons as lost causes that were necessary to the public good. These men fought to overcome public distrust, disinterest and apathy; fought to obtain the interest and help of legislative bodies; and fought for the right to establish more reformative and less punitive programs in their institutions. Such was the aim of Glenn C. Haynes, such was and is the aim of the magazine he established and such is the aim of the Penal Press. True, there are a handful of prison publications which are riddled with official censorship and domination while loaded with official propaganda. These emasculated and so-called voice of the prisoner publications are noted for little but their uselessness.

As the Warden of the Iowa State Penitentiary, I am proud of the Presidio and its affiliation with a great fraternity....**THE PENAL PRESS.**

Roomin' in the *Gloom Inn*



'Tis noted that:

Bill Burns is one of the best workers on the farm gang and also one of the cheeriest fellows in here—Ol' Art Lebrun wouldn't look natural without a cud the size of a football in his mouth—Bob Kulega gets in as much accordian practice as possible in his off-time in the kitchen—Bob Avon's build bears a startling resemblance to "Two-Ton" Tony's—Jack Lynch is doing a very commendable job for the A.A. in many ways—Teddy Larocque wishes the ice was here already so that he could get out there—Kenny Dawson won't eat beef when it's served on the line 'cause he loves cows too much—Oh, hi there pal! Sure, your name wasn't mentioned yet but give us a chance will you? There's plenty left, so read on—Wally Martin insists the guys eat more on the line than he does in the kitchen—George Mitchell is beginning to understand why the machine shop is called the "blacksmiths"—Bill Bonni should become a first-class mineralogist with the experience he's gaining out at the quarry—Harry Kyle can remember more names and addresses than leaves on a tree and they're all gals, too—"Heavy" Ness says he'll never be back as the waiter service here ain't what it's cracked-up to be—George June has had a mighty busy season in his green-house—Mike Galway was in the shop to send along the *Echoes*' to his friend Bob—Gaston Belair does more than his share for the French A.A. group—Chick Watson was inquiring as to whether or not he could have his old-age pension cheque sent in here—Birdie Baird shouldn't have any trouble with his mouth-piece in the next boxing show as he's using it while playing football—Harry Hawkins (a fugitive from a kindergarden class) really enjoys tootlin' that whistle in those scrub football games—Knobby Bulloch is the new runner in the dome and as such he's getting fat—John Merinick can tell the biggest whoppers ever heard just to get a free copy of this mag—"Mope" Patrick is getting ready to make a killing on the East-West football game—Kenny Bevan looks like an executive with all those pens and pencils—Normie Smith makes life in here brighter and lighter with his smile and good-nature—Sammy Zadorozny is getting rid of his bay-window officiating on the football field—"Nick" Nicholson never even had a "thank you" tossed his way for the hundreds of balls he heaved back over the walls, so here's to you Nick, thanks a lot from all sports—Lloyd Badger is as busy as a beaver these days handling the hobbycraft articles—Bill Leonard leaves this month for the asphalt jungle and his friends are glad yet sad to see him go—Speaking of going, that's what we'll do until next month.

COURTESY

ONE OF TODAY'S LOST ARTS

By A. Matthews

It has been said there is no greater emollient in life than common courtesy. Courtesy is more than just showing your manners and surrendering to custom and form. It is above appearances. It is at home in every country, and knows no barrier of race or language; nor is it bound by rank or circumstances. It is as eloquent in the bum, tramp, or hobo as it is in the prince. It is more than a word or an act; it is a feeling.

For the basis of courtesy is consideration, sympathy or understanding. It shows a capacity to put oneself in the other man's place; the golden rule in action, doing unto others as we would be done by. Courtesy is the essence of marriage, the basis of harmony in the family. It is like a beautiful flower in the give and take of everyday life. It is a persuasive power in the cold world of business; it is the mark of a good guy. If true courtesy could replace it's synthetic substitute called diplomacy in the contract of nations, mutual respect and understanding would prevail among the people of the earth. Courtesy in the hearts of rulers would end tyranny and injustice. Courtesy between capital and labor—mutual endeavor to see each other's point of view—would make for true industrial peace.

Courtesy, like mercy, is a noble thing, making happy the man who gives and the man who receives. The way to win courtesy is to extend it to others. So why should we cheapen our lives with words, hurting people, battering shy folks undercover?

With words we can bring much good cheer into whipped lives and do a little bolstering up of those who keep longing, reaching, slipping and praying again...men like ourselves. I suppose we have to have critics, sharp fellows with a sting. Speech now and then must no doubt be given an edge.

But closer than any critic to the truth was he who said "Be kind, for every man you meet is waging a desperate battle."

HAVE *YOU* WRITTEN THAT ARTICLE YET THAT WAS PROMISED SO MANY MONTHS AGO ?

Trials of a Penal Pub Editor

By R. Beach

Each month, almost every penitentiary in Canada—and across the line—publish a penal pub. Some are elaborate, printed with the best available. Some are a couple of mimeographed pages. All show the industriousness of the inmates whose time and effort went into their making. This staff of writers and compositors are the main drive behind every mag.

Unfortunately, and this applies in most cases, the staff of writers is limited, mainly through lack of interest. This lack of interest is shown more openly in penal pubs than any other phase of penal life, and it need not be.

To have variety—and life—a mag must have a large staff of writers with varied interests, and be able to consolidate these interests into their mag. This gives the pub the material needed to stimulate the reader's interest. A magazine that deals strictly in sports and reform measures soon becomes dull. This is more often than not the fault of a limited writing staff, which gives the editor little material to compose a mag with different features.

In order to have a wholesome pub, new writers are needed at all times; contributing articles on different phases of penal reform; taking to task some of the mis-interpretations that are published in outside papers for the public's consumption; articles of fiction, dealing with life in a penal institution; poetry, sports, and any other features that go towards making up a wholesome mag.

In the case of a staff that has a limited number of writers, these writers soon become material-logged and find themselves unable to write an article every month. This cuts into the mag, means running a secondary reprint, or just fill-in cuts, neither of these being for good editing.

Other writers develop such a distaste for present stories that they reach a stage were they can no longer write an article on some part of penology without filling the feature with a feeling of personal hatred. This is usually a true expression of their feeling, for the more they read on penal reform, the more they realize how much poppycock is being fed to the public. Added to this is the element that every phase has been well touched by one or another of the penal mags in each country and so they are afraid of voicing opinions because of the duplicating of these opinions with some that have already been put to press.

(*continued on page 21*)

AN' I HAD THIS

An' I had that

Directly above the range of cells known as B-2 is a duplicate tier of cells known as B-4. This range is where all newcomers are confined during their first few days in here.

Living directly below these fellows, one cannot help but overhear their conversation, as all cells only have steel bars in the front of them—anybody speaking in one can clearly be heard in the others. And if the stories told amongst themselves are to be believed, there must be at least four dozen Buicks, half a dozen Caddies and a few other assorted makes of automobiles standing idle in garages or on loan to some friend or relative while the owner's here doing his bit.

Surprisingly enough, some of these tales are true—say about one in five hundred who claim to have a super-dooper, chrome, fire-house red convertible (new) stored away until they get out—are telling the truth. Maybe stretching it a bit as regards the year, make, model, condition and color, nevertheless they actually do own a '38 Ford coach that they got for fifty bucks and that a friend is keeping for them until they get out. Then, when they have paid the friend that twenty bucks they owe, they have a car(?) again.

The best part of hearing all these true stories is that there is usually someone the guy knows in here also, and within a week or so, the real facts come out. When this happens, the accusations and denials are enough to write a book about(if it could possibly pass the censor).

Another tale often related is about the importance of the story-teller's case. Of how his lawyers should have stayed home and let him plead his own case; the big newspaper headlines and radio reports that kept the courtroom filled; the extra guards that were assigned to watch him. All this—and the fellows here were reading about his trial the day before. Five lines in small print telling about Joe Blow being sentenced to two years for stealing a poor-box from a church.

That's the way it goes on B-4. The parade of newcomers never ceases. Sometimes there may be a spell of a couple of weeks when not even one enters, but that's not very often. Usually there's a few every week. As for their stories, may they never stop. Being entertained in this fashion is helpful to others in relieving the monotony. By shooting the breeze this way, the boys are only whistling in the dark, and what's wrong with whistling?

Sentenced to life !
How do you think *you* would feel ?

How it feels to be a LIFER

By A. Karchesky

I am writing this short article because I want the public to know that people like us who are experiencing a life sentence and many years of oblivion are not forever contaminated, even though a good number of people who are fortunate enough to be in the free world—and others who are prisoners just like we are—seem to think and believe we are.

Our world has always been divided into two conflicting factions. On one side there are the good people and those who proclaim themselves good and pure at heart. On the other side, we have those who are classified as the bad group; this second faction also includes those unfortunates who made a mistake that has sent them to penitentiary for periods of time ranging from two years to a lifetime.

The minority that have been sentenced to life imprisonment are thought of as a group of desperate characters who would go to any extent to regain their lost freedom. They are also thought of as a lot of degenerates who have no feelings, sympathies or consideration for the life, property and rights of others. Yet as a segment of the prison population, the lifers are possibly more sympathetic towards the feelings of others than any similar group. Too many persons, especially those serving short terms, seem to forget that a lifer is always under extreme mental presure; that he's a human being with feelings the same as anyone else; that he worries about his fellowman who may be in worse straits than himself.

The frustrations of these men are many. Trivial matters that occur from day to day keep piling up until they form into a mass of conflicting emotions that are difficult to subdue. For one who is not under the strain of such a long sentence, such frustrations are impossible to understand.

In the past few years, many men serving two or three year sentences have told this writer that it is just as hard and difficult to serve a short term as it is a long one. These men claimed that it was solely a matter of adjustment to the situation. While there may be some truth in

their statement, it is very unlikely. If they are ever so unfortunate as to receive the "book" they will soon realize how tough the going is when one tries to adjust himself. Then and only then will they truly understand what such a sentence does to a man.

There are many problems facing a man who must serve a life sentence. One is the amount of time he must put in. A lot of people believe that a life sentence means twenty years; this is a fallacy of the greatest magnitude. When a judge says "Life" he means just that. Not more and not less. A person sentenced to a definite number of years earns remission every month; if amnesty is granted to all prisoners for some occasion, only those with a stated number of years benefit, while anyone doing the book is excluded from receiving it.

When a man has a set number of years to serve, even if he has to do every day of it, there comes a day when the authorities have no alternative but to set him free. But, in the case of a lifer, if the Remission Board does not see fit to release him after many long years of atonement, all hopes for freedom for the man are finished. The Remission Board has the power and last word as to who shall or shall not be granted a ticket-of-leave and they may hold a man in prison until the day he dies. The matter is perfectly legal and without appeal.

In all cases the pains, frustrations, despair and heart-break begin the moment the judge utters those fateful words that make a man a convict for life.

Most lifers are fortunate (?) enough to have relatives. Many are married and have children, and regardless of his offence, he hopes that someday he will be re-united with those he loves and cherishes—and maybe have a chance to make up, in part at least, for the wasted years—if such a thing is at all possible.

Few people know what such a period of incarceration means. Less still realize the unfathomable despair it brings on. It is during the years of a man's imprisonment that he needs all the encouragement he can get from his kinsfolk. A good number of men have served eighteen, twenty years or more simply because their own relatives have forsaken them in their hour of darkness.

It is indeed a real problem to face and there is no way in which to turn. A man's memory wears out. The bright and lovely picture of home gets cracked and faded. Hope goes with it and a man starts asking himself, "What's there to go on for? Why not let go? Fold up, cash in the chips, slide out and get it over with." Yet, there is always a faint ray of light in the darkness all 'round. This small ray of light is man's hope shining and keeping him alive. The pictures become clear and solid again and the answers to his questions encourage him on. Why let go? Isn't a free world with happiness and loved ones worth a ton of work and trying? And it is that small ray of light that enables him to go on, day after day, year after year.

THE TRAIN OF THOUGHT

By R. Beach

One of the highlights of the prisoner repatriation of the Korean war was the indoctrination of a program called "brainwashing" that all prisoners (Allied) were subjected to. I'm not going to discuss the merits or demerits of such a program in treatment of any prisoners of any type, but I would like to mention a few facts that such a program really emphasises, the main one being termed "train of thought."

Mind and emotion guide all human beings. In early childhood the patterns of thinking and acting, mental and emotional, are instilled by parents, parential associates and other social contact environment. The track is laid for the youth to follow. And so as the child matures, his thinking becomes more routed; it speeds up, narrowing into fixed lines; as he matures, he influences this pattern by his social behaviour and accomplishments and the reception given to him in response to these traits. These are the tracks that will govern his life, barring a drastic derailment.

One youth will decide to be a doctor. His thinking apparatus takes this track. He soon starts talking, acting, thinking and practicing medecine. It becomes the control of his life, and his very way of life is governed by it. So it is with farmers, lawyers, cooks and cops. And also it is the same with criminals.

Somewhere along the way a youth gets derailed. He gets those first criminal asperations, and he receives acknowlegment, through everything from pity and extra attention to local neighbourhood notoriety. He starts to think in terms adverse to society. He deviates more from society's path to his new-found rail.

Here society makes a big mistake. Rather than place each individual—who shows marked tendencies thru anti-social acts of becoming criminals—somewhere where they may receive the guidance to bring them back to normalcy, society takes the easy way out and lumps them together in a home, reform school, jail, penal farm or penitentiary. Now, instead of one train on the wrong track, there are many, each goading the other to a faster pace, until they all reach destruction.

The brain accumulates more criminal lore, becomes more anti-social-conscious; fills up with the ways of crime until it is a criminal means of life rather than medecine, farming or law that takes the number one track. And as long as society permits the conditions that make for the continuation of such thought processes, as long as it routes all the mal-functioning trains on one track, it will in no way decrease crime, recidivism or anything anti-social.

(Trials of... Concluded)

Writers who once could sit and pound out a light and gay feature soon become sickened with prison routine, and no longer find anything light and gay to write about. So again it's necessary to have new blood while the older members take a rest.

With prison populations varying from several hundred to a couple of thousand in each prison, it is inconcievable that more opinions are not voiced, more articles do not appear on an editor's desk than do at present. Almost anyone who can write can compose an article, fact—fiction—or fictionalized fact, dealing with any number of varied subjects. Most editors like their mag to have strictly home-brew material except in the case of noteworthy articles by others which they feel their readers should have access to. This can only be done by all inmates in the prison taking part in the mag.

Apologies extended

In the last issue of the *Echoes*' sport feature "At bat with the Giants," I forgot to mention five fellows who contributed their time and effort. These are: Art Nabiss, who compiled the statistics and handled the scoring chores; John Nolan, the PA man who called every game, and called them good; Ed Sherbo, assistant bat-boy and kibitzer never missed a Sunday without scouting the "fair" patrons; "Fika" the score-board operator, who kept his post through thick and thin, argument and nap; and last but not least, Lance Steele, Giant bat-boy, who contributed his Sunday afternoons to pass the hard-wood to the boys at the plate. My apologies to these fellows for this oversight on my part.

As I see it

Some people wonder what goes on in the mind of a man doing years behind prison walls. What does he think about, what is his attitude to those around him. For those who want to know, here is the general trend of changing a man into a "beast." This is what prison does to a man's thinking, for these are the thoughts of one as was put by him.

"A feeling of futility, of worthlessness; nothingness, without meaning, loneliness, and sadness, of what's the use. The destruction of desire, the reverting to dreams and illusions to escape the surrounding reality. The constant hunger of wanting to be wanted, and the added hunger of companionship and home. Then the ever-growing feeling of hatred, dwelling within the very being, until if floods out all thoughts of decency, of all thoughts of righteousness. The want to be free from abuse, from childish pettiness. And finally, the urge to repay, to seek revenge of those who impose upon one such barbarian punishment. That is the mental lot of the prisoner."

Echoes in Sport

By J. Germaine and J. Beauchamp

Final League Standings.

	G.	W.	L.	T.	Pts
Bucs	14	7	7	0	14
Dodgers	14	6	6	2	14
Rams	14	6	6	2	14

TEN LEADING SCORERS

Name	Team	T. D.	Pts
Morsette	Rams	31	155
Raccio	Bucs	22	110
Sherbo	Dodgers	15	75
Bolonchuk	Bucs	12	60
Crane	Dodgers	10	52
Hunt	Dodgers	9	49
Moisan	Dodgers	9	45
Auger	Rams	9	45
Poole	Bucs	8	40
Fat Mike	Rams	7	35

A gruelling football schedule ended Saturday October 22nd, with one of the closest finishes that could be had. After many barriers were overcome, the chief one being dissention on certain teams and too much criticism of the referees, Commissioner Herman Schaf certainly had his work cut out for him. The league finally settled down to some fine football. Many surprises were seen throughout the schedule with each team coming up with great plays. The biggest turn of events came with the last game. The Bucs, who held last place most of the season, but with great team play and the urge to win, tied with the first place Dodgers. By doing this, it created a three-team tie. Bucs', with a better win and lost average, take the league championship which they certainly merit. The Bucs' earn a bye and take on the winner of the semi-finals between the Dodgers and Rams for the Trophy, emblematic of football supremacy.

No game is complete unless we have unpaid, unselfish men who do their best to assist in the success of whatever sport is currently being played. By this, we are referring to the referees and other officials necessary; along with Herman Schaf, the Commish of football, fellows such as Lexier and Sherbuck deserve praise for raising the standard of play to a better level than it was before they took over. Kapitan, Christianson, Zadorozny and Galway work tirelessly as the yardstick and chain-gang. The two fat men, Bill Leonard and Chick Watson handle their stint as scorekeeper and timekeeper respectively and prove that old age and fatness hasn't affected their efficiency.

TEAM LINE-UPS

BUCS	DODGERS	RAMS	
Ceretti (Q.B. & Coach)	Hunt (Q.B. & Coach)	Benninger (Coach)	
Raccio	Crane	Proulx	Link
Perreault	Moisan	Marrese	Roski
Bolonchuk	Naugler	Auger	Evans
Andrusko	Baratta	Morsette	
Gillis	Wallis	Meisner	
Bulloch	Sherbo	Sawchuk	
Kossar	Thomas	Johnson	
Sedan		Fat Mike	
Fika		Masson	
Poole		Petrie	
Humicky (Asst. Coach)		McLean	

Bucs: The big yellow and red machine, as they are better known, showed all that a last place position doesn't count a team out. Coach and quarterback, Ceretti had his receivers catching those long ones for the much needed points. Bucs' placed three men in the top ten. They were Raccio, Bolonchuk and Poole. These speed-merchants were largely responsible for the club's great finish. Bulloch, Gillis, Fika and Perreault were standouts by their play, along with Kossar, Andrusko and Sedan. Each of these players showed versatility and adaptability to all plays being used and their persistence was fully rewarded. Johnny "Peahead" Humicky, the assistant coach of the Bucs' is having special glasses made for the finals to be sure there aren't too many men on the field.

Dodgers: The most understaffed club in the league due to too much dissention amongst players. Their line-up now shows only an 8-man team and though this hasn't hurt them much to date, it may soon show in the play-offs. Coach Dizzy Hunt doing the quartering has kept his team on top. The Dodgers placed 4 men in the top ten scorers. Fleet-foot Sherbo and Crane have proved that being small is no handicap. Baratta, Moisan and Naugler made the stone wall which is always needed. Thomas and Wallis, always game competitors, proved their value time and again. The youngest outfit in the league, lots of action can be expected in the play-offs from them.

Rams: Coach Benninger, with the biggest club in the league—and some of the better players—just couldn't retain first place. Three of the Dodgers are in the top scorers, with Morsette taking the league scoring title. Offensively the Rams' have been using Proulx, Auger, Morsette, Sawchuk, Fat Mike and Masson. Defensively, they had Marrese, Roski, Petrie, McLean, Meisner, J. Johnson, Link and Evans, and these fellows did a neat job each game. Due to their reserve power, many fans are betting on this team to take the play-offs. Regardless of who wins, it should be a great series!

Penal ECHO-ETTES

By W. Sherman

Note to the Penal Press—May we introduce our new Exchange writer to the circuit? Bill Sherman is a very popular guy hereabouts, is doing a long term and is a good worker (for which we're thankful!). He has always shown a keen interest in all pubs and refuses to notice the errors in grammar or type-setting that appear as long as the meaning is not interfered with. He believes there's enough bragging and belittling being done by one mag to keep the rest of the penal press amused and glad they're all out of the diaper stage—ED.

The Eye-Opener—Your Rodeo edition is really colorful. By the looks of things, there should be many an ache and pain when the show is over. Looking forward to the results.

Lake Shore Outlook—Congratulations on your Sixth Anniversary. May you have many, many more. That 16,000 innocent people behind bars is a phenomenal amount, Franklin. This surely should be investigated.

Menard Time — Your pub is always well read here. Let's hope Earl Henderson makes good his cartoon career.

Presidio—Have always appreciated your fine mag. With Chuck Nejedly and Tom Runyon on your staff, there's good reading from cover to cover.

San Quentin News—Your editorial about a man's past record always haunting him is very true. It must be nice to be able to play football on that turf you fellows have on your field.

The Corrector—"Prisoners' Ten Commandments" is the best I've seen for some time. Take heed all fellow-men lest you violate one of these rules!

The Colony—Your editorial on "Coddling" needs more explaining. It seems that society has us living lavishly and being pampered. I have yet to see it happen.

Seagozette—Here's hoping your ex-editor, Ralph Hedrich, makes good at his new job on the "outside." His writings will be missed by us.

Agricola—Receiving you regularly. Jerry's article "A Directive to the Free" is tops. If you can't rehabilitate a man in one year, you'll never do it in twenty. Could be that society will realize this some day.

The Clock—"Hoodlums" by C. J. Peterkin in your Sept. issue should get plaudits from all penal publications. It reminds us all of the shocking number of juvenile delinquents treading their way into penitentiaries. With glaring headlines concerning the crime these kids committed and the drastic measures taken by the presiding judge, these juveniles become hardened criminals. With proper juvenile training these kids would not become "incorrigibles" at such an early age in life; rather, potential law-abiding members of Society.

RELIGION

Protestant Church Activities

Rev. G. W. McNeill

CHURCH service 10.00 a.m. Sunday
CHOIR practice 10.30 a.m. Saturday
CITIZEN'S FORUM & Discussion Group 9—10.00 a.m. Sunday
Brigadier McGinnis, Salvation Army, conducts service first Sunday in each month
Regular A.A. meeting 12—1.00 p.m. Wednesday
A special A.A. meeting is held on last Sunday of each month
Outside visitors are encouraged to visit the institution and meet the local group
INTERVIEWS available every afternoon, Monday to Friday

Mr. Allen Caron—Organist&Choir Leader

Roman Catholic Church Activities

Father H. J. Bedford

MASS 8.30 a.m. Sunday
HIGH MASS once a month
CONFESSIONS heard before and during Mass
CHOIR practice after Mass on Sunday and one day a week
INTERVIEWS every afternoon except Wednesday
STUDY GROUP 1 00 p m Tuesday
CATHOLIC LIBRARY
Correspondence courses in English
Regular A.A. meeting 1.00 p.m. Sunday
CONFESSION every Saturday afternoon

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